

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



WHEN KINKS APPEAR

No matter if you think the world is in a kink, just strike your proper gait and keep your own path straight.

It won't be long before, in footing up the score, you'll find just what the kink is straightened out.

MENU

Breakfast.
Grapefruit, Boiled Rice with Cream
Kipped Herring, Broiled with
Brown Butter
Toasted Potatoes
Fruit Ice
Coffee
Cakes

Dinner.
Consomme of Chicken
Olives
Celery
Roast Fowl Old-Fashioned Filling
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Sauté of Apples and Nuts
Fruit Ice
Coffee
Pancake

Supper.
Creamed Salmon
Celery
Sauté Nuts
Potato Salad
Toasted Wafers
Currant Bread and Jelly
Fruit
Tea

Always boil a new clothesline before using it. This prevents the line from stretching and makes it last longer.

A RICH WEAVE

The fascinating and simple tissue called weaving (from duvet, down) deserves a paragraph to itself. Entire costumes are made of this novel material in more gray, black, red, ruddy violet or golden brown. The jackets, instead of being designed on classical lines with the draped skirt, cut the figure at weird angles.



The New Arrangement of the Skirt.

SAUSAGES FOR COLD DAYS

Sausages are decidedly a cold-weather dish. They are too rich and heavy for warm weather, and it requires just the sort of edge that a frosty morning puts on the appetite to make sausages tempting. But given a frosty morning, the cooked sausages and no dish could be more appetizing.

Here are two methods of cooking sausages that come from Louisiana. First, put half a teaspoonful of sweet hard fat in a frying pan. Add a chopped onion and brown it. Then add a half pound of garlic, minced, and half a can of tomatoes. Prick two pounds of sausages with a fork and put them in the pan. Cover and simmer five minutes. Then add salt and pepper and simmer twenty minutes longer. The second recipe says to skin six small sausages and put them in a pan with half a can of tomatoes, salt and cayenne pepper. Cover them and let them simmer for thirty minutes.

Sausages should always be pricked with a fork before they are cooked. To bake them, first prick a dozen of them and cook them for five or six minutes in the oven. Mix three cupfuls of mashed potatoes with three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and two beaten eggs. Put it in a baking dish and put the sausages on top. Bake six or seven minutes in a hot oven and serve piping hot.

To make sausage-rolls, cut squares of thin rolled puff paste and put a tablespoonful of sausage meat, in cylindrical shape, in each square of paste. Then roll the paste, with the meat in the center, to form a little roll. Moist the edge with water so that it will stick. Brush the outside with beaten egg and bake brown in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Plain fried sausages can be served with butter, melted, and flavored with a little chopped parsley, poured over them. They can be served with a gravy made in the pan in which they are cooked. To make it, pour off the grease and add a little beef or chicken stock to the pan. Then add a little flour worked smooth in a little cold water. Season with salt and pepper and pour hot over the sausages.

AMATEUR PORTRAITS

Some Hints for Those Who Use a Camera.

Amateur photographers do not, in many cases, pay sufficient attention to the composition of the picture they are taking, particularly when the photograph is a portrait taken indoors. A single plain person will often make a charming picture if suitably and gracefully posed against a good background. Most amateur indoor photographs show too much furniture. As a matter of fact, a better picture is invariably obtained when a greater part of the furniture is moved out of range of the camera. It does away with that crowded appearance seen in so many of our amateur photographs, and gives, instead, a sense of space and proportion.

Amateurs may obtain excellent effects by posing their subjects before a mirror. The portrait, which should always have a dark, hanging background, may be taken in profile with the full face reflected in the mirror. Or the position may be reversed, the profile outlined in the mirror, and the full, or three-quarter, face looking at the camera.



A Little Girl's Dress That Gives the Effect of Coat and Dress.

THE PARIS COIFFURE

And Some Very Fetching Dresses With Tigerish Touches.

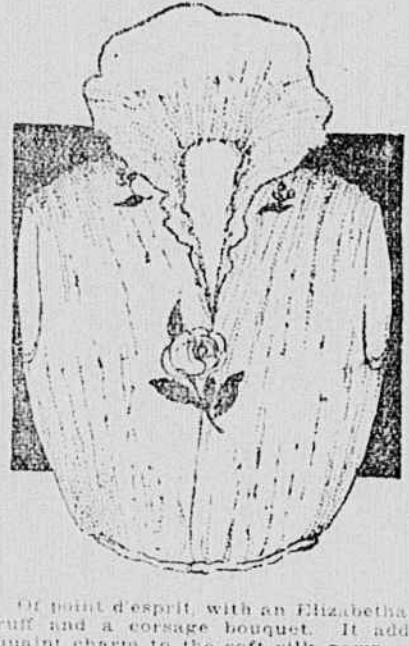
Women wear their hair now like a bird wears its wings—sleek and smooth, folded closely to the head—showing the natural shape exactly; there is, indeed, a slight tendency to pile it rather high on the crown, which, I am assured, will increase till quite a high coiffure is achieved, but the sides must be smooth and absolutely flat to the head to be de rigueur now, writes our Paris correspondent.

One of the dresses at "Les Roses Rouges" showed in rather an exaggerated form the length to which we are going with the "fancy" fur, by which I mean that rather unusual peltry such as leopard and tiger skins, dyed fox or chamois, by the way, which is called "fancy" because it is a very short skirt of solid tissue over chiffon, all bunched up in front, and a very transparent kimono of chiffon. This was covered with a very light tulle, formed out of a leopard's skin, stretched round the hips. At the premiere of "Sophisticated" at the Comedie Francaise a very classic and rather dull dress, by the way, I saw several white dresses, with tulle and over-drapes of the very newest and most popular color—the "Royal purple," as it is called—which is said to be going to have a tremendous following. But those in the know will choose the exact shade—not a bright purple at all, but a kind of soft blue-purple—and then wear it over white, which is the correct note. It certainly looked well and very novel and unusual.

A REMINDER

Of the prices of \$10, \$5, \$3 and \$1 each, which will be awarded, in the order of their merit, for the best suggestion-let-ter.

A Dainty Vest



Of point d'esprit, with an Elizabethan ruff and a corsage bouquet, it is a quaint charm to the soft silk gown.



A velvet afternoon street-suit. It is purple velours de laine, with an embroidered collar.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Challis Wendell, having identified the body of a man found dead in a roadhouse near New York, that of her husband, Leslie, took a young girl, Betty Castleton, who had accompanied her to the inn the night before, and through the girl's aid she killed the murderer. Mrs. Wendell, now by strange impulse, offers her home. At the funeral of the murdered man, the widow and her mother, Leslie, and his sister, Vivian, become reconciled. A curious crowd gathered about the house of death while the funeral is being held.

"Say, they don't seem to be taking it very hard. I thought they'd be crying like—"

"Is that his wife?"

"Poor little thing! Ouch! You big brute!"

"Sweet business, eh?"

"She won't be saying 'Where's my wanderer' boy—"

"If we had police in this city that could catch a street car wad—"

"That's old man Wendell. I've waited on him dozens of times."

"Did they have any children?"

"Up in the front rank stood a slim little thing with yellow hair and a shivering as if chilled to the bone. Four plain clothes men were watching her narrowly. She was known to have been one of Challis Wendell's associates. When she slipped back into the crowd and made her way to the outskirts, hurrying as if pursued by ghosts, two men followed close behind, and kept her in sight for many blocks."

The motors and carriages rolled away, and there was left only the policemen and the unsatisfied mob. They watched the undertaker's assistant reappear, a crowd of black from the door of the house.

By the end of the week the murder of Challis Wendell was forgotten by all save the police. The inquest was over, the law was baffled, the city was again waiting for its next sensation. No one cared.

Leslie Wendell went down to the steamer to see his sister-in-law off for Europe.

"Good-by, Miss Castleton," he said, as he shook the hand of the slim young Englishwoman as she parted. "Take good care of Sara. She needs a friend, a good friend, now. Keep her over there until she has—forgotten."

CHAPTER V.
Discussing a Sister-in-Law.

"You remember my sister-in-law, don't you, Brandy?" was the question that Leslie Wendell put to a friend one afternoon, as they sat idly in a window of one of the fashionable uptown clubs, a little more than a year after the events described in the foregoing chapters. Brandy, as he was called, for the reason that it was Sunday, and raining at that.

"I met Mrs. Wendell a few years ago in Rome," said his companion, renewing interest in a conversation that had died some time before of its own exhaustion. "She's most attractive. I saw her but once. I think it was at somebody's fete."

"She's returning to New York the end of the month," said Leslie. "Been abroad for over a year. She had a villa at Nice this winter."

"I remember her quite well. I was of an age then to be particularly sensitive to female loveliness. I'd been staying on in Rome. I should have screwed up the courage, I'm sure, to have asked her to sit for me."

"Lord love you, man, she's posed for half the painters in the world, it once. Never exhibited, so of course you haven't seen it. Challis wouldn't consent to its being revealed to the vulgar gaze, he loved it so much."

"I like that," said Leslie. "Brandy, with a mild glare. I remember the name—posed a hundred and sixty-nine times, for nearly as many painters. Sara's not so bad as all that, of course, but I don't exaggerate when I say she's been painted in dozen times—and hung in twice as many exhibits."

"I know," said the other with a smile. "I've seen a few of them."

"The best of them all is hanging in her place up in the country, old man. It's the one my brother liked. A Belgian fellow did it a couple of years ago. Never been exhibited, so of course you haven't seen it. Challis wouldn't consent to its being revealed to the vulgar gaze, he loved it so much."

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sort, although he was keenly alive to a certain breadth of self-glorification in his railway. Leslie felt a delicious sense of security in railing at family limitations; he knew that no one was likely to take him seriously.

"Nevertheless, your mother has some really fine paintings in the collection," proclaimed Booth amiably, also, according to snobbishness without really meaning to do so. He considered Velasquez to be the superior of all those mentioned by Wendell, and there was the end of it, so far as he was concerned. It was ever a source of wonder to him that Mrs. Wendell didn't "trade in" everything she possessed for a single great Velasquez.

"Getting back to Sara—my sister-in-law—why don't you ask her to sit for you this summer? She's not going out, you know, and time will hang so heavily on her hands that she'll even welcome another portrait agony."

"I can't ask her to—"

"I'll do the asking, if you say the word."

"Don't be an ass."

"I'm quite willing to be one, if it will help you out, old man," said Leslie cheerfully.

"And make one of me as well, I suppose. She'd think me a trifling cub after all those other fellows. After her, me! Ho, ho! She'd laugh in my face."

"You could paint that smile of hers, Brandy, and make Romney look like an amateur. It's a splendid idea. Let her laugh in your face, as you say; then paint like the devil while she's doing it. And your reputation will be made."

"Will you have another drink?"

"No, thanks. I can change the subject without it. What time is it?"

Both looked at their watches, and put them back again without remark, to resume the interrupted contemplation of Fifth Avenue in the waning light of a drab, drizzly day. A man in a shiny "slicker" was pushing a sweep and shovel in the centre of the thoroughfare. They wondered how long it would be before a motor struck him.

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